For now ſhe knowes it is no gentle chaſe,
But the blunt Boare, rough beare, or lyon proud,
Becauſe the crie remaineth in one place,
Where fearefully the dogs exclaime aloud,
Finding their enemie to be ſo curſt,
They all ſtraine curt'ſie who ſhall cope him firſt.

This diſmall crie rings ſadly in her eare,
Through which it enters to ſurprize her hart,
Who ouercome by doubt, and bloudleſſe feare,
With cold-pale weakneſſe, nums each feeling part,
Like ſoldiers when their captain once doth yeeld,
They baſely flie, and dare not ſtay the field.

Thus ſtands ſhe in a trembling extaſie,
Till cheering vp her ſenſes ſore diſmaid,
She tels them tis a cauſleſſe fantaſie,
And childiſh error that they are affrayd,
Bids thē leaue quaking, bids them feare no more,
And with that word, ſhe ſpide the hunted bore.

Whoſe frothie mouth bepainted all with red,
Like milke & bloud, being mingled both togither,
A ſecond feare through all her ſinewes ſpred,
Which madly hurries her, ſhe knowes not whither:
This way ſhe runs, and now ſhe will no further,
But backe retires, to rate the boare for murther.

A thouſand ſpleenes beare her a thouſand wayes,
She treads the path, that ſhe vntreads againe,
Her more then haſt, is mated with delayes,
Like the proceedings of a drunken braine,
Full of reſpect, yet naught at all reſpecting,
In hand with all things, naught at all effecting

Here kenneld in a brake, ſhe finds a hound,
And askes the wearie caitiffe for his maiſter,
And there another licking of his wound,
Gainſt venimd ſores, the onely ſoueraigne plaiſter.
And here ſhe meets another, ſadly ſcowling,
To whom ſhe ſpeaks, & he replies with howling.

When he hath ceaſt his ill reſounding noiſe,
Another flapmouthd mourner, blacke, and grim,
Againſt the welkin, volies out his voice,
Another, and another, aunſwer him,
Clapping their proud tailes to the ground below,
Shaking their ſcratcht-eares, bleeding as they go.

Looke how the worlds poore people are amazed,
At apparitions, ſignes, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearefull eyes, they long haue gazed,
Infuſing them with dreadfull prophecies;
So ſhe at theſe ſad ſignes, drawes vp her breath,
And ſighing it againe, exclaimes on death.